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WINCHESTER, IND.

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BROWN & CHERRY,

Attorneys at Law,

WINCHESTER, INDIANA.

Office in the new Jail Building.

Give especial attention to the security and collection of claims.

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GOODRICH & WATSON,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,

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Office up stairs in the new Jail Building.

Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to their care. Especial attention given to the collection of claims.

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Will promptly and diligently attend to all business entrusted to his care.

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Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. Strict attention given to the securing and collection of claims.

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Will take depositions, acknowledge deeds, mortgages, powers of attorney, etc.

Bank deeds, and mortgages already on hand. Office in the new Jail Building, up stairs, Winchester.

PHYSICIANS.

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Office at his old stand, cor. Main and South Sts.

Where he may at all times be found unless professionally engaged.

DR. J. E. BEVERLY,

Physician and Surgeon,

WINCHESTER, INDIANA.

Office and residence in Brick Building, corner of North and East streets.

DR. R. W. HAMILTON,

WINCHESTER, INDIANA.

Residence on Meridian Street, corner of Post office. Office two doors north of the Journal office, up stairs.

DR. G. W. BRUE,

Physician and Surgeon,

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His office at all times be found unless professionally engaged.

A. F. TEAL, M. D.,

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WINCHESTER, INDIANA.

Office on Franklin Street, corner of Post office. He may always be found at his office or residence unless professionally engaged.

DR. H. W. FORDICK,

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WINCHESTER, INDIANA.

Residence two doors north of Journal office, up stairs. Will call in all cases of illness, and will give satisfaction. Fee reasonable.

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E. J. PUTMAN,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

Groceries, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes.

Also deals in all kinds of Grain.

Store in the Brick Warehouse, Winchester, Indiana.

W. B. PIERCE,

DRUGGIST,

and dealer in

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East of the Public Square, under Journal office.

JOHN ROSS,

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GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

N. E. cor. Main and Franklin Sts., Winchester, Ind.

GEORGE M. ADAMS,

Fin, Copper, and Sheet Iron Worker,

Shop West of Public Square,

WINCHESTER, INDIANA.

Shoes, of all kinds, kept constantly on hand.

JOHN RICHARDSON,

Merchant Tailor,

WINCHESTER, INDIANA.

Shop west side of the Public Square, on Meridian St.

Blank, all kinds, for sale at this office.

In Memoriam.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I sometimes hold it half a sin

To put in words the grief I feel,

For words, like nature, half reveal

And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,

A use in measured language lies;

The dead mechanic exercise,

Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,

Like coarsest clothes against the cold;

But that large grief which these infold

Is given in outline and no more.

One writes, "Other friends remain,"

That "Loss is common to the race,"

And common is the commonplace,

And vacant chair well meant for gain.

That loss is common would not make

My own loss bitter, rather more;

Too common! Never morning wore

To evening, but some heart did break.

O father, where'er thou be,

Who pledgest now thy gallant son;

A shot, ere half thy draught be done,

Hath snatched the life that beat from thee.

O mother, praying God will save

Thy sailor, while thy head is bowed,

His heavy-shotted hammock shroud

Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

Ye know no more than I who wrought

At that last hour to please him well;

Who mused on all I had to tell,

And something written, something thought,

Expecting still his advent home;

And ever met him on his way

With wishes, thinking, here to-day,

Or here to-morrow will he come.

O, somewhere, meek unconscious dove,

That stisset ranging golden hair;

And glad to lift thyself so fair,

Poor child, that waitest for thy love!

For how her father's chimney glows

In expectation of a guest;

And thinking "this will please him best,"

She takes a ribbon or a rose;

For he will see them on to-night

And with the thought her color burns;

And, having left the glass, she turns

Once more to set a ringlet right;

And even when she turned, the curse

Had fallen, and her future Lord

Was drowned in passing through the ford,

Or killed in falling from his horse.

O, what to her shall be the end?

And what to her remains of good?

To her, perpetual maidenhood,

And unto me, no second friend.

When I Mean To Marry.

BY JOHN G. BAYNE.

When I mean to marry?—Well—

'Tis idle to dispute with fate;

But if you choose to tell,

Pray listen while I fix the date:—

When daughters laugh with eager feet,

A mother's daily toil to share;

Can make the puddings which they eat,

And mend the stockings which they wear;

When maidens look upon a man

As himself they would marry;

And not as army soldiers scan

A sutler or commissary;

When gentle ladies who have got

The offer of a lover's hand,

Consent to share his "trifling lot,"

And do not mean his lot of land.

When young mechanics are allowed

To find and feed the farmers' girls,

Who don't expect to be endowed

With rubies, diamonds and pearls;

When wives, in short, shall freely give

Their hearts and hands to aid their spouses,

And live as they were wont to live

Within their sires' one story houses,

Then, my dear, I'm not to old—

Rejoiced to quit this lonely life,

I'll hush my voice, cease to scold,

And look about me for a wife!

The Treason Among us.

We learn that the attention which has recently been directed toward the traitors among us, who are buying and selling arms and ammunition to be used against the Government, has thrown them into a state of great consternation. The fact is, the indifference of our citizens has so far outlasted their courage, that they have allowed themselves to exercise much less discretion than formerly in their reasonable dealings. But the charge of Judge Smalley has awakened them to a consciousness of their guilt, and a just dread of the condign consequences which must follow. Our personal reference to some of these gentry has greatly terrified them, and by the early trains on Wednesday a number of them left for the South. Among these conspicuous sinners were Gen. R. T. Tom, an agent for the State of Alabama, who ran away so fast that he forgot to provide for the forwarding of his contraband purchases, till he had put himself beyond the limits of the State, when he stopped and telegraphed to the New York house, telling them how to ship them. We learn that the merchants are not a little puzzled how to act, not wishing to break a profitable bargain, nor thinking it altogether safe to trust their necks within reach of the law. Rail Road, Steamship, and Express Companies are also becoming very cautious about receiving unlawful freights, lest the Grand Jury should take them in hand. A Hartford banker and an arms manufacturer from Chicago are, we hear, very much afraid that their conduct, the former in making advances for the purchase of arms, and the latter for selling them to rebellious States, will be made the subject of judicial inquiry; for, from the extent of their operations, they would unquestionably fare badly. The Steamship State of Georgia, belonging to the Philadelphia and Savannah Steam Navigation Company, which came here last week, is said to be intended for a war steamer for the State of Georgia, and to have been sent to this port to be strengthened for that purpose. This rumor should receive prompt attention. It would also be well for the Grand Jury to ascertain by whom and upon what authority offers were made within a day or two for the purchase of several of our stoutest harbor lighters, with a view to their being transformed into Alabama gun-boats, to be used at Mobile against the Government of the United States. The Circuit Court of the United States in this District, and the Grand Jury there, have already effected much good by warning our citizens of the danger which they incur in

giving aid and comfort to the enemy, and a strict adherence to the letter of their duty will no doubt effectually stop the trade with the South in articles contraband in war.—N. Y. Tribune.

Nober Second Thought.

BY T. R. CHURCH.

"I must have been, Charles," said the handsome little wife of Mr. Whitman. "So, don't put on that sober face."

"Did I put on a sober face?" asked the husband, with an attempt to smile that was anything but a success.

"Yes, as sober as a man on trial for his life. Why it's as long as the moral law. There dear, clear it up, and look as if you had at least one friend in the world. What money-lovers you men are!"

"How much will it cost?" inquired Mr. Whitman. There was another effort to look cheerful and apologetic.

"About forty dollars," he answered, "it is a little sobering, but it is necessary, for the sake of the son would you not say so?"

"Forty dollars! why, Ann, do you think I am made of money?" Mr. Whitman's expression underwent a remarkable change of countenance.

"I declare, Charles," said his wife, a little impatiently, "you look at me as if I were an object of fear instead of affection. I don't think this kind of you."

"I've only had three silk dresses since we were married, while Amy Blythe has had six or seven during the same period, and every one of hers cost more than mine. I know you think me extravagant, but I wish you had a wife like some women I could name. I rather think you'd find out the difference before long."

"There, there, pet, don't talk to me after this fashion! I'll bring you the money at dinner time, that is, if—"

"No ifs or buts, if you please. The sentence is complete without them. Thank you dear! I'll go this afternoon and buy the silk. So don't fail to bring the money. I was in at Silkskin's yesterday, and saw one of the sweetest patterns I ever laid my eyes on. Just suits my style and complexion. I shall be incandescent if it's gone. You won't disappoint me, will you?"

And Mrs. Whitman laid her soft, white hand on the arm of her husband, and smiled with sweet persuasion in her face.

"O no, you shall have the money," said Mr. Whitman, turning off from his wife, as she thought, a little abruptly, and hurrying from her presence. In his precipitation he had forgotten the usual parting kiss.

"That's the way it is always," said Mrs. Whitman, her whole manner changing, as the sound of the closing street door came jarring upon her ears. "Just say money to Charles, and there is at once a cloud in the sky."

She sat down pouting, and more than half angry.

"Forty dollars for a new dress?" mentally ejaculated the husband of vain, pretty, thoughtless Mrs. Whitman, as he shut the door after him. "I promised to share the doctor's coal bill to-day—thirty-three dollars—but don't know where the money is to come from. The coal is burned up and more must be ordered. O dear, I am discouraged. Every year I fall behind. This winter I did hope to get a little in advance, but if forty dollar silk dresses are the order of the day, there's an end to that devotion to be wished for circumstance. Debt, debt! How I have always shrunk from it, but steadily, now, it is closing its baneful arms around me, and my constricting chest labors in respiration. O, if I could but disentangle myself now, while I have the strength of early manhood, and the bonds that hold me are weak. If Ada could see it as I see—if I could only make her understand rightly my position. But alas! that is hopeless, I fear."

And Mr. Whitman hurried his steps because his heart beat quicker and his thoughts were unduly excited.

Not long after Mr. Whitman left home, the city postmaster delivered a letter to his address. His face was a pleasant expression.

"How much shall I pay you?" asked Mrs. Whitman, drawing out her pocket book.

"Nothing. The watch is not defaced."

"You have done a kind act, sir," said Mrs. Whitman, with a feeling trembling in her voice. "I hope you will not think unfavorably of my husband. It's no fault of his that this bill has not been paid. Good morning, sir."

Mrs. Whitman drew her veil over her face and went, with a light step and a light heart, to the store. The pleasure she had experienced in receiving her watch was not to be compared with that which she now felt at parting with it. From the jewel she went to the bootmaker's and paid the bill of twenty-five dollars; from thence to the milliner's, and settled for her last bonnet.

"I know you're dying to see my new dress," said Mrs. Whitman, gaily, as she drew her arm within that of her husband, on his appearance that evening. "Come over to our bed-room, and let me show it. Come along! Don't hang back, Charles, as if you were afraid."

"Shall my Ada become lost to me," he said, in his heart—"lost to me in a world of folly, fashion and extravagance?"

"Sit down, Charles." She led him to a large cushioned chair. Her manner had undergone a change. The brightness of her countenance had departed. She took something, in a hurried way, from a drawer, and catching up a footstool, placed it on the floor near him, and sitting down, leaned upon him, and looked tenderly and lovingly into his face. Then she handed him the jeweler's bill.

"It is a receipt, you see." Her voice fluttered a little.

"Ada! how is this! What does it mean?" He flushed and grew eager.

"I returned the watch, and Mr. R.—receipt of the bill. I would have paid for damage, but he said it was mislaid, and asked nothing."

"Oh, Ada!"

"And this is receipted also; and this," handing the other bills she had paid. "And now, dear," she added, quickly, "how do you like my dress? Isn't it beautiful?"

We leave the explanation and scene that followed, to the reader's imagination. If any fair lady, however, who, like Ada, has been drawing too heavily on her husband's slender income, for silks and jewels, is at a loss to realize the scene, let her try Ada's experiment. Our word for it, she will find a new and glad experience in life. Costly silks and jewels may be very pleasant things, but they are too dearly bought when they come as the price of a husband's emprossment, mental disquietude or alienation. Too often the gay young wife wears them as the sign of these unhappy conditions. Tranquil hearts and sunny

homes are precious things; too precious to be burdened and clouded by weak vanity and love of show. Keep this in mind, oh ye fair ones, who have husbands in moderate circumstances. Do not let your pride and pleasure oppress them. Rich clothing, costly luxuries and gems, are poor substitutes for smiling peace and hearts undisturbed by care. Take the lesson and live by it, rather than offer another illustration, in your own experience, of the folly we have been trying to expose and rebuke.

Mr. Seward.

Of Mr. Seward, the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Gazette, says:

Unlike Mr. Webster, who was always careful that the "outer man" should be in keeping with the occasion, he appeared in his rough and ready suit of grey, without any evidence of preparation or care. Mr. Seward is not imposing in presence of person. Few members of the Senate would arrest the eye of the stranger less at first sight or more after he once becomes known. His voice is husky, his elocution bad, and his gestures are altogether unattractive. At times, when he attempts to give physical emphasis to some forcible and finished thought, the effort seems almost grotesque there is such little apparent sympathy between the mind and the manner of the man. His intellect and his finished culture, however, invariably triumph over these strong natural defects and he never fails to leave the impression of superior ability, scholarship, thought and sagacity.

Every eye was riveted upon him yesterday for more than two hours, and every syllable he uttered was treasured up and measured for its bearing, as words were never weighed in that chamber before. Except from the great ground-swell of the human sea in the galleries, which occasionally surged from outward pressure in the halls and lobbies, not a tone of voice was lost upon the assembled multitude. There were passages of touching eloquence which thrilled all hearts, and excited the generous tribute of tears from many eyes not given to the melting mood.

Parson Brownlow's Biography of a Secessionist.

In a life number of the Knoxville Whig, Mr. Brownlow thus sums up the sins and sorrows of the editor of the Columbian (Tenn.) Chronicle:

This Loquacious Disunion agent, published in Alabama, and edited by John W. McRae, is out upon the